

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

Vol. XLII

JUNE, 1933

No. 1

THE UNKNOWN GOD

"I found also this inscription, To an Unknown God." The Acts of the Apostles 17:23.

The more I study the New Testament the more am I amazed at the breadth of vision, the spiritual insight of the Apostle Paul. Like every religious leader he is a child of his own day and generation. He inherits the belief in a blood-atonement. To be sure, he does not hold to the doctrine that sheep and goats and bullocks must be slain in order to appease the wrath of God. Yet he insists that "there is no remission of sin without the shedding of blood" and points to Jesus as "the lamb slain from the foundation of the world." He has inherited the old theology.

We know that he was wrong in his conviction that the world was speedily coming to an end. But his essential teachings are so true and noble that they have not yet been grasped by the rank and file of so-called "Orthodox Christendom." He never stood still, but always moved on. When I was a child, he says, "I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child: now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things." He takes three of the most important words in the human vocabulary, weighs them carefully in his mind, and then he says: "And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three: and the greatest of these is love."

I think we have no greater insight concerning his religious genius than that contained in the account of his visit to Athens on a memorable occasion. I refer to his attitude toward the idol worship of his day, and wish that we might deal in as wise a way with the symbol worship

of today, with present-time idolatry.

But why speak of "modern idolatry"?

Surely the men of today do not make gods of gold and silver or brass: nor do they create statues of metal, or of wood, nor do they hang pictures in their churches as objects of worship. If idolatry means only a bowing down before visible objects, then our subject is indeed a contradiction in terms. But the wisest and most thoughtful pagans have never admitted that they worshipped these outward things alone. When the early Christian missionaries visited Greece and Rome, and accused the people of such practices they said: "Dash the image, the god remains." There has always been a noble and an ignoble use of symbols.

Jesus has been the way, the truth, and the life that lead to God, and he has been worshipped in the Father's stead. We make protest against this, but no one has more reverence for the Man of Nazareth!

So, too, the forms and rites of the church have both hindered and helped the spiritual progress of mankind.

Fire has been, perhaps, the most perfect symbol of Deity, of the Spirit of Purity. God has been described as "a Light by day," and "a fire by night," as "a consuming fire." And the ancients, their sages and their prophets, said: "We do not bow down before the sun as the king of the day, the moon as the queen of the night, nor do we reverence the sparkling stars as separate deities. We adore and pray to the Incomprehensible, the Uncreated Light."

First, let us beware of the symbolism which means idolatry and nothing else.

And, secondly, it may help us to worship aright if we point out some of the idolatry of the present time. We cannot long worship that which is unworthy.

Publication Office
134 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Monthly, except August
50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents

Check, post-office order, or stamps should be
sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office
at Boston, Mass.

"Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of
postage provided for in Section 1103. Act of
October 3, 1917, authorized July 17, 1922."

Were I to state the fact that Bacchus is worshipped throughout America today you might challenge the statement. But all who value the fruits of the vine, the pleasure of drinking, above family love, honor, and manhood, are paying homage to the pagan deity. His image might well be carried, as a figurehead, on the front of the automobile of every boot-legger!

The terrestrial Venus has her followers in every place. Those who cherish impure thoughts, and the licentious of every community are her adorers.

The god Mars, also, has his supporters. All who believe in war for its own sake, in "our country right or wrong!" and in battles of conquest, are enlisted in his ranks. I would go further than that; and say that all who would not end war as a means of settling international disputes are in reality the worshippers of Mars!

The god of Chance is very popular today! A little girl once called at my house and asked me to take a chance on a gold pin for the benefit of the heathen in China! Think of that! A chance on a gold pin for the benefit of the heathen in China! All the old heathen deities are prayed to and served today!

"I think it is a help," said a wise man, "in the doubts and perplexities of our own time, to see how in far older times, men have felt very much the same doubt and perplexity, as we do. To read how the poet who wrote the Book of Job, cries out: 'Can'st thou by searching find out God?' and how the greatest of the Hebrew Prophets, longing for the Divine Vision, could say, 'Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself,' while yet they never

lost their faith—makes it a little easier for us still to believe and love and pray. I find help in turning from the forbidden vastness of that term 'unknown,' as it is used by some, into the attitude in which we face the other common mysteries of life. You find yourself in a strange room; perhaps the occupant is some one absolutely unknown to you. But you will not be in that room five minutes, with an open mind, without knowing something of that unknown person. The pictures on the wall, the books on the table, the kind of furniture, the way it is disposed about the room, will tell you something."

Through nature, and through human nature, we feel the presence of the Unseen and the Eternal. Theodore Parker had his bit of symbolism. Always on his study table there stood a vase of flowers, and a marble bust of the Man of Nazareth. He found God through nature, and through human nature.

Dr. William Adams Brown tells us that he once asked a clever woman: "Why do you believe in God?" She replied, "You would not understand me if I were to tell you. So far as I know myself, I have three reasons for believing in God: The light in some people's eyes, the sense of honor, and the joy which follows complete surrender to a Cause that is greater than self. . . ." And Dr. Brown adds this comment, "I do not know that any theologian has ever put the real reasons for believing in God more convincingly." Paul trusted the deep experiences of life.

"I took a day to search for God
And found Him not. But as I trod
By rocky ledge, through woods untamed,
Just where one scarlet lily flamed,
I saw His footsteps in the sod.
Then suddenly, all unaware,
Far off in the deep shadows, where
A solitary hermit thrush
Sang through the holy twilight hush
I heard His voice upon the air.
And even as I marvelled how
God gives us Heaven here and now,
In a stir of wind that hardly shook
The poplar leaves beside the brook,
His hand was light upon my brow.
At last with evening as I turned
Homeward, and thought what I had
learned,
And all that there was still to probe,

I caught the glory of His robe
Where the last fires of sunset burned.
Back to the world with quickening start
I looked and longer for any part
In making saving Beauty be. . .
And from that kindling ecstasy
I know God dwelt within my heart."

(Written for *The Cheerful Letter* by
Rev. S. C. Beane, Andover, Mass.)

FOUNDATION STONES

I would not lose the hard things from my
life,

The rocks o'er which I stumbled long
ago,

The griefs and fears, the failures and
mistakes,

That tried and tested faith and pa-
tience so.

I need them now; they make the deep-
laid wall,

The firm foundation-stones on which I
raise—

To mount therein from stair to higher
stair—

The lofty towers of my House of
Praise.

Soft was the roadside turf to weary feet,
And cool the meadows where I fain
had trod,

And sweet beneath the trees to lie at rest
And breathe the incense of the flower-
starred sod;

But not on these might I securely build;
Nor sand nor sod withstand the earth-
quake shock;

I need the rough, hard boulders of the
hills

To set my house on everlasting rock.

—Annie Johnson Flint.

One man gets nothing but discord out
of a musical instrument; another gets
the sweetest harmony. No one claims the
instrument is at fault. Life is about like
that. The discord is there and the har-
mony is there. Study to play it correctly,
and it will give forth beauty; play it
falsely, and it will give forth the ugly-
ness. Life is not at fault.—*Threads*.

Even a child is known by his doings,
whether his work be pure, and whether
it be right.—*Proverbs*.

MAN A POOR FASTER

Man does not show up very well, com-
pared with the animals, in a hunger test.

True, he will live for ten or twelve
days without food or water, and, if he
takes water, for weeks; but some of the
animals can do much better.

Says Professor Hartkopf, in the *Kol-
nische Zeitung*:

"Animals that seem to succumb to a
fast with surprising promptness must be
considered in comparison with others
whose records are quite different.

"If the average songbird be deprived
absolutely of food, it will succumb, as a
rule, in a couple of days.

"Many other small animals, like squir-
rels, survive no longer than the fourth
day of a fast.

"However, the winter sleep of the
hedgehog, and his fast, will last from
three to four months, while a variety of
woodchuck fasts for more than four
months without any kind of nourishment
whatever.

"Beasts of prey, including birds, in
the vicissitudes to which they are liable
where the food supply is concerned, show
a wonderful capacity to adjust them-
selves to unfavorable circumstances and
readily endure fasts of two weeks and
longer.

"All these records are surpassed by
those of fishes, turtles, salamanders,
snakes, and the like.

"The Rhenish salmon, during the long
period of some nine months, which it
spends for spawning purposes in fresh
water, takes no nourishment whatever.

"Astonishing as this record may seem,
it is surpassed by that of many reptiles,
which fast for a whole year when com-
pelled by circumstances, and emerge in
fairly good condition from the experience.

"Man, under the somewhat enervating
influence of civilization, has undoubtedly
lost much of his physical endurance. By
comparison with the inferior organisms,
he emerges only moderately well from
this form of competition."—*Clipped*.

O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee
shall all flesh come.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

MRS. JOHN A. MCCADDIN, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

A correspondent writing to the Exchange for the first time should always give as reference the name and address of her minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. G. W. Midkiff, R. F. D. 1, Box 52, Halifax, Va., would like to be remembered by *The Cheerful Letter* friends. It has been some time since she last heard from anyone, and she would like some reading.

2. Mrs. Annie D. Fulcher, Sandidges, Va., wishes to be remembered by the Exchange. She has been a member for many years.

3. It is some time since I have heard from *The Cheerful Letter* friends, and I hope that I will be remembered, as it is lonely way up here in the mountains. I would certainly be glad to receive some books, magazines, or any kind of sewing, writes Mrs. Bessie Barnes, Copeland, Ark.

4. Mrs. Roy Stanton, Green Cove, Va., has a beautiful quilt started but has not pieces enough to finish it. She would love to have some reading for herself and the children.

5. Mrs. H. L. Burr, R. 2, Box 95, Wadesboro, N. C., writes that she has been married again. Before her last marriage she was Mrs. J. T. Watkins. She has five children in school, the youngest six and the oldest thirteen. She would like some reading for the children and herself.

6. I get very blue sometimes, as I live a long way from my mother. Quilt scraps, reading or any kind of cheer would be appreciated, writes Mrs. Henry Walker, R. 2, Bellevue, Texas.

7. I have taken this way to thank all who have sent me cheer in the past. Times are so hard that I can't write to each one to thank them. My little boy has been sick, was in the hospital seven weeks, and hasn't been home long. I would like some bits of thread, yarn, and pieces of scraps to mend some old quilts. Mrs. Hattie Hartsog, Whitetop, Va.

8. Mrs. Jessie B. Pearson, Sylvester, Ga., has not been able to write to thank the members for their kindness. She has been nursing her sister since last May. The sister has rheumatism, neuralgia, inflamed nerves and malaria. She has lots of suffering ahead of her yet, the doctor says. She asks for embroidery pieces, crochet thread and some books, especially a history.

9. I have only heard from one *Cheerful Letter* friend this winter. We live six miles from town and I haven't been there since last September. I would appreciate any kind of cheer. I have one little girl three years old. Mrs. Myrna Yates, R. 4, Dayton, Tenn.

10. I want to thank *The Cheerful Letter* friends for remembering me. I have a baby boy a few weeks old and am confined at home. I would be glad to receive a good magazine, sewing material, or anything anyone may care to send me. Mrs. M. E. Eller, Silas Creek, N. C.

11. Mrs. Frances Vess, R. 1, Rhome, Texas, lost her home by fire last year. She would appreciate quilt pieces, as she lost all her bedding in the fire. Her husband is a minister.

12. Miss Minty Singleton, R. 1, Norwood, N. C., is an invalid, and has been confined to her room for almost three years. She is about 24 years old. She would appreciate any kind of reading, as the days are long for her.

13. Mrs. F. T. Mallick, 600 Harrison St., Portsmouth, Va., would be very grateful for reading and sewing material of any kind. She is a young mother.

14. It has been quite a while since I have heard from *The Cheerful Letter Exchange*. I am just now able to housekeep after getting out of the hospital. If not asking too much, I would appreciate some sewing and reading. Mrs. Edd Sizemore, Rugby, Va.

15. I wish to thank the ones who have sent me cheer in the past and hope that I have not been forgotten. Anything for cheer would be appreciated, flower seeds, bulbs, and reading. Mrs. J. Earle Coffey, R. 2, Sandidges, Va.

16. I would like to thank all *Cheerful Letter* friends for all past favors, and if not asking too much will anyone having flower seeds that they do not need, please send them to me? I will divide with friends like myself not able to buy such things. I like to raise flowers for cheer at home and to divide plants and flowers with my neighbors. I will be glad to get good magazines. Mrs. F. A. Austin, R. 2, Box 190, Marshville, N. C.

Don't waste time in doubts and fears; spend yourself in the work before you, well assured that the right performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it.—Emerson.

From

"THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL"

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us; . . .

Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;

'Tis heaven alone that is given away,

'Tis only God may be had for the asking;

No price is set on the lavish summer;

June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;

Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays;

Whether we look, or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,

And, groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys;

The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,

And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace; . . .

Now is the high-tide of the year,

And whatever of life hath ebbd away

Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,

Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it;

We are happy now because God wills it; . . .

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;

Everything is happy now,

Everything is upward striving;

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true

As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—

'Tis the natural way of living.

—James Russell Lowell.

God employs no hired men; His work is done by His sons.

HE WHO TRAVELS BEST

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices and arduous tasks, but of little things, in which small obligations and thoughtful considerations, given habitually, preserve the heart and complete the task.

A king in the eastern world once caused to be built in his country a great paved highway that was the marvel of his time. A day was set to fittingly celebrate the opening of the new road, and the king proclaimed a day of feasting and hilarity.

The outstanding event of the affair was a unique contest. Far and wide the king's couriers proclaimed the tidings that a purse of gold would be awarded to the one who should *travel best* over a certain section of the new highway.

"What does the king mean by 'traveling best?'" asked his subjects one of another.

"Oh, of course, he means to give the prize to the one who travels most swiftly," said one. "It is just his way of announcing a race over the wonderful new road. I have a horse that is very swift, and I am even now giving him a special training for the fete."

"But may it not be possible that the king means to give the purse to someone who is fleet of foot?" asked another. "His couriers made no mention of horses. I intend to run the race on foot, and I shall be the first on foot to reach the goal."

"What makes all of you think that the king has offered a prize for a race?" objected a third. "The couriers said naught about speed. I think it much more likely that the king has in mind pageantry and display befitting such a noble occasion. I, for one, shall travel the road leading up to the palace of the king in my chariot in solemn dignity, followed by a retinue of servants."

So each, according to his own interpretation of the king's order, made eager preparation for the great contest. When the day arrived, the racers on horseback, in chariots, and on foot traveled the smooth surface of the road, all delighted with its inviting swiftness, when suddenly all were annoyed by a great pile of rough stones which had been left in the middle

of the road, about halfway between the two goals.

"How strange!" muttered one contestant to himself as he turned aside to get around the stones. "I wonder why the guards do not order them removed."

"What can the king mean by allowing a fine highway like this to be disfigured, yes, positively made unsafe by a heap of rough stones directly in the line of travel!" complained another as he swerved from his direct course.

"A sorry sight I shall be to stand before the king," peevish the foot-racer as he picked himself up, bruised and bleeding, having stumbled over the obstacles in the road. "I shall hurry on and tell the king about it."

"How irritating to have to turn aside awkwardly because of a pile of stones that some stupid workman neglected to clear away!" commented another racer who had interpreted the king's meaning as pomp and display.

On and on they came in continuous procession throughout the day, each turning aside upon reaching the obstacle in the road and muttering some disapproving comment.

"Ah, the shades of even are lengthening," said the king to his counsellors, "and it sorely grieves my heart that none of my subjects have qualified for the prize. Surely, among all this host of travelers there should be one who knows how to journey aright!"

Even as the king spoke, there was ushered into his presence a youth of sturdy frame and eager countenance.

"Here, my king, is a leather bag filled with precious coins of gold. I found it underneath a pile of stones which I cleared away from the new road, and hastened here to give it to you so that it might speedily be restored to the rightful owner," explained the youth, almost out of breath.

"Thank you, my son," said the king as he received the leather bag filled with gold. "Your wish to have it speedily returned to the rightful owner shall be granted at once. Take it, for it is yours!"

"Mine?" exclaimed the astonished

youth. "Surely, there must be a mistake. I am very poor. I never owned so much as the worth of one of these many pieces of gold in the leather bag."

"My son, I myself placed the bag of gold underneath the stones," explained the king. "See?" and he revealed to the youth's astonished eyes the royal seal. "It is the prize for which so many have vainly competed all this day, but they know not how to travel best. Here, take this prize, for it is yours, for you alone have shown that he travels best who makes the way easier and safer for those who follow after!"—*Adapted by Sunshine Magazine from Alice Crowell Hoffman in "My Treasure Chest."*

POMOLOGICAL TREASURE

Apple Jonathan was not merely a dealer in apples; he was a lover of the fruit, which he knew thoroughly in all its forms, stages, developments. I do not mean simply that he understood its cultivation, preservation, and uses, though these he did understand well. But all his thoughts and his words were of his favorite fruit; he found in it something for every emergency; he used it for illustration, for suggestion, for moral lesson—everything.

"Tell me I set too much by apples," the old man would say, "why, I couldn't do it. There ain't no sech thing as settin' too much by 'em." . . .

And so the old man would run on as long as anyone would listen to his talk. On topics of general interest he had nothing to say. He knew little of public affairs, politics, wars, or even the local village gossip. He was, according to most standards, a very ignorant man.

He could read slowly and with difficulty, spelling out laboriously the larger words. He wrote a little, and knew enough of figures to "tot up" his accounts in the apple trade. Not a very liberal education, you see. But he had picked up much odd, out-of-the-way information—religious, biographical, historical—relating to his favorite theme. To humor his fancy, for he was a general favorite in the town, people brought to the old man any facts

they could gather relating to his hobby. And he laid them away carefully, till his mind was a queer storehouse, an apple-cellar so to speak, of pomological treasure. And he knew how to bring out these bits of learning, casually as it were, in his daily conversation, often giving one the impression that he was a student and a thinker, and had read and absorbed many books. . . .

We often teased the old man and tried to draw from him some of his information as to the fruit he sold, by pretending to decry it and seeming to doubt its close connection with the history of the universe.

"Why, what has it to do with geography, for instance?" one of us would ask.

"Jography? Why, it's got everything to do with jography. 'Tis jography itself. How does the books go to work when they want to lay down the very beginnin' o' things an' tell how the airth's shaped?"

"They say it's like a apple, kind o' round, but a little flattened off at the stem an' blossom ends. They couldn't give no idea o' the airth if it wa'n't for apples, an' we might 'a' got to conceiting 'twas narrer an' p'inted like a pear, or skewy an' knobby like a quince, or with a turnover handle like a crook-neck squash, if we hadn't got jest the thing to measure it off by."—*From "Dumb Foxglove," by Annie Trumbull Slosson.*

THE COUNTRY BOY'S CREED

I believe the country, which God has made, is more beautiful than the city, which man has made; that life out of doors is the natural life of man.

I believe that work is work wherever I find it, but that work with nature is better than work with machinery.

I believe that the dignity of work depends not on what you do, but on how you do it; that my success depends not on where I am, but on myself; not on my dreams, but on what I actually do; not on my luck, but on my pluck.

I believe in working when I work, and playing when I play, and in giving and asking a square deal in everything in life. —*Sunshine Magazine.*

A SERMONETTE

"First be reconciled to thy brother: then come and offer thy gift."

Matt. 5:24

Christ paints a vivid little picture. The act of worship in Ancient Judea was not a collective but an individual act. People did not attend divine service in the Temple at stated times, as we go to church on Sundays. Our church-going custom derives from their synagogue, not from their Temple worship. In the Temple, worship was something going on all the time. The very existence of the Temple, even when nothing was said or done, was worship. It was God's House. Individuals had frequent occasion to perform some private ceremonial duty. Such an individual would provide himself with the prescribed offering, some incense, a pair of doves, a lamb, and take it to the temple, at any time suiting his convenience. There he was met by one of the many priests in attendance, and the little ceremony was performed — just himself and God, with the priest as interpreter or go-between. Such a man, in Christ's picture, goes to the Temple with his offering. In the nick of time he remembers, "My brother, or my neighbor, has a grievance against me. Offerings to God cannot be made with that encumbrance on my conscience." It works as mechanically as though he had forgotten his key to the door. He leaves his offering, seeks his neighbor and makes friends, then returns and completes his offering.

This is, according to Christ, the way it ought to work. To worship God with a guilty conscience is impossible. The only prayer a self-recognized sinner can make is a prayer of confession and repentance. The language of self-respect is the only language in which worship can be performed. And for this reason worship is the happiest and the most exalted activity of man. It is the man at his best communing with that which is The Best.

We see such worship in Christ; in his moments of worship we see Christ exalted, uplifted, transfigured, attended by angelic presences, his face shining as the sun. How much he has to teach us! For

with us worship is too often mere supplication, a plea for pardon or help, the cry of the weak to The Strong. That kind of worship also has its place. We remember Christ in the Garden. But that kind of worship is but a preparation for the full experience of a Christlike communion. Not many of us know that full experience — the indescribable serenity of the soul, conscious of its own strength and purity, sharing its fulness of being with Being. In such moments we are at our strongest, our most abundant, our best. In such moments, men rise to their highest levels and do their greatest things.

In our search for efficiency, we so often ignore this the great secret of efficiency, the sense of God with us and God in us. That sense cannot come to the spirit encumbered by guilt or self-reproach. Therefore, "first be reconciled to thy brother"—first, cleanse the heart, purify the motive, cast out the unworthy thought or passion; then come and offer thy gift, and enter into the abounding life and power and happiness of a true worshipper of God.

—Rev. Charles E. Park, D.D.

BELIEVERS

There is no unbelief:

Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,

He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
Be patient, heart, light breaketh by
and by,

Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of
snow,

The silent harvest of the future grow,

God's power must know.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids
close,

And dares to live his life in spite of woes,

God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief:

And day by day, and night, unconsciously,

The heart lives by the faith the lips deny;

God knoweth why.

—Tyndall.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

KEEPING YOUNG

In the central place of your heart, said a wise man, is an evergreen tree. As long as it flourishes, you are young. When it dies, you are old. Another says, in the central place of your heart is a wireless station. So long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, and courage, so long are you young.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubts; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fears; as young as your hope, as old as your despairs.

When a man consents within his own self to the notion that he has passed the dead line, that he has lost his grip, he is already an old man.

Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips, and supple knees; it is a temper of the will; it is the freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than in a boy of twenty.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals.

Years wrinkle the skin; but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul.

Worry, doubt, self-distress, fear, and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the heart and turn the grieving spirit back to dust.

Whether sixty or sixteen, there is in every human being's heart that lure of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars, and at starlike things and thoughts; the undaunted challenge of events, the unflinching, childlike appetite for what next, and the joy of living.—*Sunshine Magazine.*

I know not the way I am going,

But well do I know my Guide;

With a childlike trust I give my hand

To the mighty Friend at my side.

The only thing that I say to Him

As He takes it, is, "Hold it fast;

Suffer me not to lose my way,

And bring me home at last."

THE GENIUS OF OLD HOLLAND

The vessel lay near a bridge, in a little basin formed by the canal that goes from Delft to The Hague, and shaded by trees like a garden basket.

The boats which carry passengers from one city to another are called *trekschuiten*. The *trekschuit* is the traditional bark, emblematic of Holland, as the gondola is of Venice. Esquiros calls it the genius of old Holland floating on the water. And, in fact, whoever has not traveled in a *trekschuit* does not know the most original and poetic side of Dutch life.

It is a large boat almost entirely occupied by a sort of house, in the form of a diligence, divided into two compartments; that at the prow for second-class passengers, and that at the poop for the first. Upon the prow is planted an iron bar with a ring through which is passed a long cord, which is fastened at one end near the helm, and at the other is attached to a horse ridden by one of the boatmen. The windows of this little house have their white curtains; the walls and doors are painted; in the first-class compartment there are cushioned seats, a table with a few books, a closet, a looking-glass; everything shining with polish. . . .

I was alone and I had not long to wait; the helmsman gave a sign, the horseman mounted, and the *trekschuit* moved quietly through the water. . . .

At intervals we came to a bridge. It was fine to see the rapidity with which the maneuver of passing the bridge was performed, and to watch two *trekschuiten* meet and pass, without a word or smile being exchanged between the two conductors, as if gravity and silence were obligatory. All along the water-way we heard no sound save the rustle of the sails of windmills.—*From "Holland and Its People," by Edmondo de Amicis. Translated from the Italian by Caroline Tilton.*

To be able to have things we want, that is riches: to be able to do without, that is power. —George McDonald.

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BETTY'S DREAM

"Oh dear," Betty sighed, "I wish I were a princess!" Her mother smiled, although her heart was a trifle sad.

"Why, Betty," she said, "if you were a princess, then I couldn't be your mother."

"Oh, I did not mean that, Mumsie," cried Betty, throwing her arms about her mother's neck. "Only I would like to have lots and lots of pretty clothes and a little pony with a silver saddle to ride upon. But, of course, I want you, too."

Mrs. Brown patted the curly head that nestled against her shoulder. "Come, dear," she said, "and help me set the table for dinner."

While Betty was setting the table she tried to imagine how it would feel to be a real live princess and live in a palace. She was so busy planning what she would do if she were a princess that she did not hear her father when he opened the front door, and did not run to meet him, as was her custom.

"Why, princess," he said, stooping to give Betty a kiss, "what's wrong?"

And although Betty was glad that her Dad should call her a princess, she began to wish for the pretty clothes and the pony with the silver saddle even more than before.

That night after Betty had been tucked into her snowy little bed, she lay awake and thought of princesses and castles and ponies until her eyelids grew heavy.

All at once Betty heard a little sigh. It came from the corner of the room in which she kept her dolls.

"Oh dear, oh dear," said a little voice that Betty recognized as belonging to Marianne, her French doll, "if I only belonged to that little girl next door, I could live in a real doll house!"

"Yes," agreed a second voice, "and I could have a new party dress and a pair of silver slippers." It was Betty's dancing doll, Dorothy.

Betty squirmed; she was beginning to feel very uncomfortable.

"Stop!" exclaimed a third voice.

Betty held her breath.

"Are you willing to exchange love for pretty clothing?" It was Jo-Jo the clown.

"But—" began Marianne.

"Betty loves us," continued Jo-Jo, "more than Mildred ever could. She has nine dolls already and hardly ever plays with them."

There was a short pause, and Betty's heart thumped strangely. At last Dorothy spoke up.

"Jo-Jo is right," she said. "I fear that I have been a very selfish little doll."

"Yes," agreed Marianne, "we have both been very selfish little dolls; but from now on I intend to return Betty's love with all my heart."

"Love," said Jo-Jo, "is, and has always been, the richest treasure in the world."

Just at that moment Betty's mother came into the room, to close a window, and Betty awoke with a little start.

"Mother dear," said Betty, and she pulled her mother's head down beside her upon the snowy white pillow, "I would rather be your little girl than all the princesses in the whole wide world."

And as Betty's mother kissed her little daughter there was a song in her heart.
—*Christian Science Monitor.*

THE FIRST INDIAN ALPHABET

By PAUL SEVERANCE

Did you ever hear of Sequoia—the crippled Indian who invented an alphabet so that the stories of the Bible could be told to his people in a language they could understand?

Sequoia was a Cherokee. The Cherokees, a hundred years ago, hunted and fished through the mountains and valleys that are now divided among six states: Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee. Sequoia himself lived in Tennessee near a frontier fort built by white pioneers; Fort Loudon, it was called. One day when Sequoia was hunting he fell and hurt himself.

A companion carried him into the white man's village, where he was treated

kindly and given what medical attention they could supply. He got well again, but he was crippled for life. He couldn't hunt any more, so he learned to be a silversmith. He had a little shop and was permitted to stay in the white man's settlement.

There Sequoia heard the stories of the Bible and he saw the white men reading books—"talking leaves" the Indians called them. He marveled that these white strangers could "put down talk on paper—that would stay!"

Sequoia was so impressed by the story of Christ and by the white man's earnest effort to carry Christianity to his people that he decided to help. He believed that the best way to reach his people and to make them really understand was to create an alphabet in the Cherokee language so that every Indian might read for himself from these strange "talking leaves."

So Sequoia set to work. For twelve long years he labored, studying the Cherokee language and devising symbols that would be easily made and recognized and that would combine to form the syllables of the Indian words. He finished this work in 1821. He had made an alphabet that was simple and practical so that an Indian could easily memorize it in a very few days.

But Sequoia could neither read nor write in English, which made it almost impossible for him to realize his ambition to translate the New Testament into Cherokee. It remained for a younger Indian to undertake this work. This was a student whose name was Atsi; he was called John Arch by the whites. He had been taught to read and write at the Brainerd Mission School, near Chattanooga, and he had served the mission as an interpreter, traveling for miles with the missionaries on their trips into the Cherokee territory and translating their sermons so the Indians could understand.

Using Sequoia's alphabet, Atsi set to work. He finished parts of the New Testament and the "talking leaves" were sent far and wide among the Indians. But though Atsi was only twenty-eight years old he was taken sick and died

when he had been at work little more than a year on his translation.

The Indians appreciated the work that old Sequoia had done and to honor him the Cherokee Nation gave him a pension for life. Many stories and sermons were sent out among the Indians by the aid of the alphabet. And the white man, too, honored the crippled Indian's memory by calling the giant redwood trees of California *sequoia* so that the Indian silversmith who helped the pioneer missionaries carry the story of the gentle Nazarene into the great American wilderness will not soon be forgotten.

(By courtesy of The Beacon)

APPRECIATION

By ALBERT C. H. ESSER, D.O.

Appreciate Health; appreciate Love; appreciate Girls and Boys, Women and Men.

Appreciate Faithfulness, Loyalty, Harmony, Peace.

Appreciate your Mind and Body, Trees and Flowers, Constructive Thinking and Constructive Work.

Appreciate Birds and Animals, Sky and Sea.

Appreciate Affection, Good Music, Good Books, Beauty, Strength, and Light and Shadow.

Appreciate the Sun, Moon and Stars, the Silence, and Romance.

Appreciate Art, the Song, the Dance, the Forests, the Mountains.

Yes, appreciate Adjustment in all things.—*Selected.*

If you are tempted to reveal

A tale some one to you has told
About another, make it pass,

Before you speak, three gates of gold.
Three narrow gates—first, "Is it true?"

Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer, and the next
Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"

We stopped hoarding money long before Mr. Hoover thought of it.

—*Sunshine Magazine.*

Joy cometh in the morning.

WINDOWS

Let there be many windows in your soul
That all the glory of the universe
May beautify it. Not the narrow pane
Of one poor creed can catch the radiant
rays
That shine from countless sources. Tear
away
The blinds of superstition. Let the light
Pour through fair windows, broad as
truth itself,
And high as heaven. Tune your ear
To all the wordless music of the stars,
And to the voice of Nature; and your
heart
Shall turn to truth and goodness as the
plant
Turns to the sun. A thousand unseen
hands,

Reach down to help you to their peace-
crowned heights,
And all the forces of the firmament
Shall fortify your strength. Be not
afraid
To thrust aside half-truths and grasp the
whole.

— *From "Progress" by Ella Wheeler
Wilcox.*

Because God is unimaginably good, ex-
ceeding abundantly above all that we ask
or think, *nothing is too good to be true.*
— *Fosdick.*

The less a man knows, the more he
wants to tell.

Mighty purposes are born of mighty
convictions. — *Henry Churchill King.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MRS. HARRY A. STEVENS, *Chairman*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

MISS ETHEL L. HERSEY, *Secretary*, Hingham, Mass.

MISS EDITH L. JONES, *Treasurer*, 65 Langdon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Meetings at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. the first Friday of each
month from October to May inclusive.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to
those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the
publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful
Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed
upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies
by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and col-
leges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational
privileges are not available.

WHERE TO WRITE

*Letters containing subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, and money
from the Sunshine Bags* should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon
Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the
Cheerful Letter Exchange.

*Letters asking for correspondents and appeals to be printed in the Cheerful
Letter Magazine* should be sent to Mrs. John A. McCaddin, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield
Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Letters asking for help in studying at home should be sent as follows: *Gen-
eral Information*, Mrs. Rachel J. Sands, *Chairman*, Brimble Avenue, North Beverly,
Mass.; *help in elementary subjects*, Mrs. Isaac Sprague, Jr., *Assistant Chairman*,
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries should be sent to
Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, *Chairman*, 20 Clark Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass. A cir-
culating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if
proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.